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alike touching and tragic, as it is in keeping with all that went before it. To Macbeth, life, though it had more than its meed of evil, was a thing to be desired, and he died bravely fighting in its defence. With Lady Macbeth, however, life was not outward but inward, not a thing of pleasure but a weariness and an intolerable burden, from which there was no hope of escape, and so she raised an unfriendly hand against it.

It is a fancy, but I cannot help thinking it was when asleep and in her night-vigil she did the deed. Dr. E. Mesnet relates ("Archives générales de médecine," 1860, vol. xv) that he was witness to an attempt at suicide begun in one and continued in the other of two consecutive attacks of somnambulism. And so it may have been here. Life has its nightly side as well as the side that is to the day; and there was a kind of fitness in her case it should have been then. She who, when awake, restrained her will with such indomitable power, had, at last, when pressed by the shadows and the suggestions of the night, to yield, and throw off forever the mask she had worn so long.

LETTERS ON FAUST.¹

BY H. C. BROCKMEYER.

I.

Contents: Distinction between subjective criticism and objective criticism, the former stating merely the relation of the work criticised to the critic's feelings; the dangers of subjective criticisms of this kind; defects of criticisms based on biography; based on gossip; literary dish-water; the objective criticism that investigates the idea of the poem and sees the parts in relation to the whole.

DEAR H.—Yours of a recent date, requesting an epistolary criticism of "Goethe's Faust," has come to hand, and I hasten to

¹ The first nine of these letters are reprinted here from Volumes I and II of this Journal, where they appeared in 1867-'68. Having recently received Letters X to XX from the author, completing the series by a discussion of the Second Part of Faust, we have decided to reprint the first series in order to bring together, for the present readers of the Journal, this remarkable contribution to literary criticism. We have added to each letter an index to its contents.—EDITOR.

assure you of a compliance of some sort. I say a compliance of some sort, for I cannot promise you a criticism. This, it seems to me, would be both too little and too much; too little if understood in the ordinary sense, as meaning a mere statement of the *relation* existing between the work and myself; too much if interpreted as pledging an expression of a work of the creative imagination, as a totality, in the terms of the understanding, and submitting the result to the canons of art.

The former procedure, usually called criticism, reduced to its simplest forms, amounts to this: that I, the critic, report to you that I was amused or bored, flattered or satirized, elevated or degraded, humanized or brutalized, enlightened or mystified, pleased or displeased, by the work under consideration; and—since it depends quite as much upon my own humor, native ability, and culture acquired, which set of adjectives I may be able to report, as it does upon the work—I cannot perceive what earthly profit such a labor could be to you. For that which is clear to you may be dark to me; hence, if I report that a given work is a “perfect riddle to me,” you will only smile at my simplicity. Again, that which amuses me may bore you, for I notice that even at the theatre some will yawn with *ennui* while others thrill with delight and applaud the play. Now, if each of these should tell you how *he* liked the performance, the one would say “excellent,” and the other “miserable,” and you be none the wiser. To expect, therefore, that I intend to enter upon a labor of this kind, is to expect too little.

Besides, such an undertaking seems to me not without its peculiar danger; for it may happen that the work measures or criticises the critic, instead of the latter the former. If, for example, I should tell you that the integral and differential calculus is all fog to me—mystifies me completely—you would conclude my knowledge of mathematics to be rather imperfect, and thus use my own report of that work as a sounding-lead to ascertain the depth of my attainment. Nay, you might even go further, and regard the work as a kind of Doomsday Book, on the title-page of which I had “written myself down an ass.” Now, as I am not ambitious of a memorial of this kind, especially when there is no probability that the pages in contemplation—Goethe’s Faust—will perish any sooner than the veritable Doomsday Book itself,

I request you, as a special favor, not to understand of me that I propose engaging in any undertaking of this sort.¹

Nor are you to expect an inquiry into the quantity or quality of the author's food, drink, or raiment. For the present infantile state of analytic science refuses all aid in tracing such *primary* elements, so to speak, in the composition of the poem before us; and hence such an investigation would lead, at best, to very secondary and remote conclusions. Nor shall we be permitted to explore the likes and dislikes of the poet, in that fine volume of scandal, for the kindred reason that neither crucible, reagent, nor retort are at hand which can be of the remotest service.

By the by, has it never occurred to you, when perusing works of the kind last referred to, what a glowing picture the pious Dean of St. Patrick's, the *saintly Swift*, has bequeathed to us of their producers, when he places the great authors, the historical Gullivers of our race, in all their majesty of form, astride the public thoroughfare of a Liliputian age, and marches the inhabitants, in solid battalions, through between their legs? you recollect what he says?

Nor yet are you to expect a treat of that most delightful of all compounds, the table-talk and conversation—or, to use a homely phrase, the *literary dishwater* retailed by the author's scullion. To expect such, or the like, would be to expect too little.

On the other hand, to expect that I shall send you an expression, in the terms of the understanding, of a work of the creative imagination, as a totality, and submit the result to the canons of art, is to expect too much. For while I am ready, and while I intend to comply with the first part of this proposition, I am unable to fulfil the requirement of the latter part—that is, I am not able to submit the result to the canons of art. The reason for this inability it is not necessary to develop in this connection any

¹ In this connection, permit me, dear friend, to mention a discovery which I made concerning my son Isaac, now three years old. Just imagine my surprise when I found that every book in my possession—Webster's Spelling-book not excepted—is a perfect riddle to him, and mystifies him as completely as ever the works of Goethe, Hegel, Emerson, or any other thinking man, do or did the learned critics. But my parental pride, so much elated by the discovery of this remarkable precocity in my son—a precocity which, at the age of three years (!), shows him possessed of all the incapacity of such "learned men"—was shocked, nay, mortified, by the utter want of appreciation which the little fellow showed of this, his exalted condition!

further than merely to mention that I find it extremely inconvenient to lay my hand upon the aforementioned canons just at this time.

I must, therefore, content myself with the endeavor to summon before you the *Idea* which creates the poem—each act, scene, and verse—so that we may see the part in its relation to the whole, and the whole in its concrete, organic articulation. If we succeed in this, then we may say that we *comprehend* the work—a condition precedent alike to the beneficial enjoyment and the rational judgment of the same.

II.

Contents: The author can not avoid the use of general philosophical terms in treating of this poem; “the beautiful world,” an expression used by the poet, is itself a term of universal import; classification of the contents of the two worlds (*a*) of nature; (*b*) of spirit.

In my first letter, dear friend, I endeavor to guard you against misapprehension as to what you might expect from me. Its substance, if memory serves me, was that I did not intend to write on Anthropology or Psychology, nor yet on street, parlor, or court gossip, but simply about a work of art.

I deemed these remarks pertinent in view of the customs of the time, lest that, in my not conforming to them, you should judge me harshly without profit to yourself. With the same desire of keeping up a fair understanding with you, I must call your attention to some terms and distinctions which we shall have occasion to use, and which, unless explained, might prove shadows instead of lights along the path of our intercourse.

I confess to you that I share the (I might say) abhorrence so generally entertained by the reading public, of the use of any general terms whatsoever, and would avoid them altogether if I could only see how. But in reading the poem that we are to consider, I come upon such passages as these :

(*Choir of Invisible Spirits.*)

“Woe! Woe!

Thou hast destroyed it,

The beautiful world!

It reels, it crumbles,

Crushed by a demigod’s mighty hand!”

and I cannot see how we are to understand these spirits, or the poet who gave them voice, unless we attack this very general expression "The beautiful world," here said to have been destroyed by Faust.

I am, however, somewhat reconciled to this by the example of my neighbor—a non-speculative, practical farmer—now busily engaged in harvesting his wheat. For I noticed that he first directed his attention, after cutting the grain, to collecting and tying it together in bundles; and I could not help but perceive how much this facilitated his labor, and how difficult it would have been for him to collect his wheat, grain by grain, like the sparrow of the field. Though wheat it were, and not chaff, still such a mode of handling would reduce it even below the value of chaff.

Just think of handling the wheat crop of the United States, the four hundred and twenty-five millions of bushels a year, in this manner! It is absolutely not to be thought of, and we must have recourse to agglomeration, if not to generalization. But the one gives us general *masses*, and the other general *terms*. The only thing that we can do, therefore, is, in imitation of our good neighbor of the wheat-field, to handle bundles, bushels, and bags, or—what is still better, if it can be done by some daring system of intellectual elevators—whole ship-loads of grain at a time, due care being taken that we tie wheat to wheat, oats to oats, barley to barley, and not promiscuously.

Now, with this example well before our minds, and the necessity mentioned, which compels us to handle—not merely the wheat crop of the United States for one year, but—whatever has been raised by the intelligence of man from the beginning of our race to the time of Goethe the poet, together with the ground on which it was raised, and the sky above—for no less than this seems to be contained in the expression "The beautiful world"—I call your attention first to the expression "form and matter," which, when applied to works of intelligence, we must take the liberty of changing into the expression "form and content"; for since there is nothing in works of this kind that manifests gravity, it can be of no use to say so, but may be of some injury.

The next is the expression "works of art," which sounds rather suspicious in some of its applications—sounds as if it was intended

to conceal rather than reveal the worker. Now, I take it that the "works of art" are the works of the intelligence, and I shall have to classify them accordingly. Another point with reference to this might as well be noticed, and that is that the old expressions "works of art" and "works of nature" do not contain, as they were intended to, all the works that present themselves to our observation—the works of science, for example. Besides, we have government, society, and religion, all of which are undoubtedly distinct from the "works of art" no less than from the "works of nature," and to tie them up in the same bundle with either of them seems to me to be like tying wheat with oats, and therefore to be avoided, as in the example before our minds. This seems to be done in the expression "works of self-conscious intelligence" and "works of nature."

But if we reflect upon the phrases "works of self-conscious intelligence" and "works of nature," it becomes obvious that there must be some inaccuracy contained in them; for how can two distinct subjects have the same predicate? It would, therefore, perhaps be better to say "the works of self-conscious intelligence" and the "*products* of nature."

Without further rasping and filing of old phrases, I call your attention in the next place to the most general term which we shall have occasion to use—"the world."

Under this we comprehend:

- I. The natural world—Gravity;
- II. The spiritual world—Self-determination.

I. Under the natural world we comprehend the terrestrial globe, and that part of the universe which is involved in its processes; these are:

- | | |
|------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| (a) (1) Mechanic=Gravity, | } Meteorologic=Electricity. |
| (2) Chemic=Affinity, | |
| (b) (1) Organic=Galvanism, | } Vital=Sensation. |
| (2) Vegetative=Assimilation, | |

II. Under "The Spiritual World," the world of conscious intelligence, we comprehend:

- (a) The real world=implement, mediation.
- (b) The actual world=self-determination.

(a) The real world contains whatever derives the end of its existence only, from self-conscious intelligence.

- | | |
|---------------------------|--------------|
| (1) The family=Affection. | |
| (2) Society=Ethics, | } Mediation. |
| (3) State=Rights, | |

(b) The actual world contains whatever derives the end and the *means* of its existence from self-conscious intelligence.

- | | |
|----------------------------|-----------------------|
| (1) Art=Manifestation, | } Self-determination. |
| (2) Religion=Revelation, | |
| (3) Philosophy=Definition, | |

From this it appears that we have divided the world into three large slices—the Natural, the Real, and the Actual—with gravity for one and self-determination for the other extreme, and mediation between them.

III.

Contents : The genesis of spirit (or human nature) through three stages—manifestation, realization, and actualization ; art shows, religion teaches, and philosophy comprehends ; the self-consciousness of an individual, of a nation, of an age ; the ethical content of Homer's "Iliad," the ethical content of Faust ; the entire life of man affected by the Faust collision which denies that man can know truth ; hence three great spheres of conflict to be treated in the poem.

In my last I gave you some general terms, and the sense in which I intend to use them. I also gave you a reason why I should use them, together with an illustration. But I gave you no reason why I used these and no others—or I did not advance anything to show that there are *objects* to which they *necessarily apply*. I only take it for granted that there are some objects presented to your observation and mine that gravitate or weigh something, and others that do not. To each I have applied as nearly as I could the ordinary terms. Now this procedure, although very unphilosophical, I can justify only by reminding you of the object of these letters.

If we now listen again to the chant of the invisible choir,

"Thou hast destroyed it,
The beautiful world,"

it will be obvious that this can refer only to the world of mediation and self-determination, to the world of spirit, of self-conscious

intelligence, for the world of gravitation is not so easily affected. But how is this—how is it that the world of self-conscious intelligence is so easily affected, is so dependent upon the individual man? This can be seen only by examining its genesis.

In the genesis of Spirit we have three stages—manifestation, realization, and actualization. The first of these, upon which the other two are dependent and sequent, falls in the individual man. For in him it is that Reason manifests itself before it can realize or embody itself in this or that political, social, or moral institution. And it is not merely necessary that it should so manifest itself in the individual; it must also realize itself in these institutions before it can actualize itself in Art, Religion, and Philosophy. For in this actualization it is absolutely dependent upon the former two stages of its genesis for a content. From this it appears that Art *shows* what Religion *teaches*, and what Philosophy *comprehends*; or that Art, Religion, and Philosophy have the same content. Nor is it difficult to perceive why this world of spirit or self-conscious intelligence is so dependent upon the individual man.

Again, in the sphere of manifestation and reality, this content, the self-conscious intelligence, is the *self-consciousness* of an individual, a nation, or an age. And art, in the sphere of actuality, is this or that work of art, this poem, that painting, or yonder piece of sculpture, with the self-consciousness of this or that individual, nation, or age, for its content. Moreover, the particularity (the individual, nation, or age) of the content constitutes the individuality of the work of Art. And not only this, but this particularity of the self-consciousness furnishes the very contradiction itself with the development and solution of which the work of art is occupied. For the self-consciousness which constitutes the content, being the *self-consciousness* of an individual, a nation, or an age, instead of being self-conscious intelligence in its pure universality, contains in that very particularity the contradiction which, in the sphere of manifestation and reality, constitutes the collision, conflict, and solution.¹

¹ From this a variety of facts in the character and history of the different works of art become apparent. The degree of the effect produced, for example, is owing to the degree of validity attached to the two sides of the contradiction. If the duties which the individual owes to the family and the state come into conflict, as in the Antigone

Now, if we look back upon the facts stated, we have the manifestation, the realization, and the actualization of self-conscious intelligence as the three spheres or stages in the process which evolves and involves the entire activity of man, both practical and theoretical. It is also obvious that the realization of self-conscious intelligence in the family, society, and the state, and its actualization in Art, Religion, and Philosophy, depend in their genesis upon its manifestation in the individual. Hence a denial of the possibility of this manifestation is a denial of the possibility of the realization and actualization also.

of Sophocles, and the consciousness of the age has not subordinated the ideas upon which they are based, but accords to each an equal degree of validity, we have a content replete with the noblest effects. For this is not a conflict between the abstract good and bad, the positive and the negative, but a conflict within the good itself. So likewise the universality of the effect is apparent from the content. If this is the self-consciousness of a nation, the work of art will be national.* To illustrate this, and, at the same time, to trace the development of the particularity spoken of into a collision, we may refer to that great national work of art—the “*Iliad*” of Homer. The particularity which distinguishes the national self-consciousness of the Greeks is the pre-eminent validity attached by it to one of the before-mentioned modes of the actualization of self-conscious intelligence—the sensuous. Hence its worship of the Beautiful. This pre-eminence and the consequent subordination of the moral and the rational modes to it is the root of the contradiction, and hence the basis of the collision which forms the content of the poem. Its motive modernized would read about as follows: The son of one of our Senators goes to England; is received and hospitably entertained at the house of a lord. During his stay he falls in love and subsequently elopes with the young wife of his entertainer. For this outrage, perpetrated by the young hopeful, the entire fighting material of the island get themselves into their ships, not so much to avenge the injured husband as to capture the runaway wife.

But—now mark—adverse winds ensue, powers not human are in arms against them, and before these can be propitiated, a princess of the blood royal, pure and undefiled, must be sacrificed!—is sacrificed, and for what? That all Greece may proclaim to the world that pure womanhood, pure manhood, family, society, and the state, are nothing, must be sacrificed on the altar of the Beautiful. For in the sacrifice of Iphigenia all that could perish in Helen, and more too—for Iphigenia was pure and Helen was not—was offered up by the Greeks, woman for woman, and nothing remained but the Beautiful, for which she henceforth became the expression. For in this alone did Helen excel Iphigenia, and all women.

But how is this? Have not the filial, the parental, the social, the civil relations, sanctity and validity? Not as against the realization of the Beautiful, says the Greek. Nor yet the state? No; “I do not go at the command of Agamemnon, but because I pledged fealty to Beauty.” “But then,” Sir Achilles, “if the Beautiful should present itself under some individual form—say that of Briseis—you would for the sake of its possession disobey the will of the state?” “Of course.” And the poet has to sing “Achilles’s wrath!” and not “the recovery of the runaway wife,” the grand historical action.

Now, if this denial assume the form of a conviction in the consciousness of an individual, a nation, or an age, then there results a contradiction which involves in the sweep of its universality the entire spiritual world of man. For it is the self-consciousness of that individual, nation, or age, in direct conflict with itself, not with this or that particularity of itself, but with its entire content, in the sphere of manifestation, with the receptivity for, the production of, and the aspiration after, the Beautiful, the Good, and the True, within the individual himself ; in the sphere of realization with the Family, with Society, and with the State ; and finally, in the sphere of actuality with Art, Religion, and Philosophy.

Now, this contradiction is precisely what is presented in the proposition "Man cannot know truth." This you will remember was, in the history of modern thought, the result of Kant's philosophy ; and Kant's philosophy was the philosophy of Germany at the time of the conception of Goethe's *Faust*. And Goethe was the truest poet of Germany, and thus he sings :

" So then I have studied philosophy,
Jurisprudence, and medicine,
And, what is worse, Theology,
Thoroughly, but, alas ! in vain,
And here I stand with study hoar,
A fool, and know what I knew before ;
Am called Magister, nay, LL. D.,
And for ten years am busily
Engaged leading through fen and close
My trusting pupils by the nose ;
Yet see that nothing can be known.
This burns my heart, this, this alone !"

Here you will perceive in the first sentence of the poem, as was meet, the fundamental contradiction, the theme, or the "argument," as it is so admirably termed by critics, is stated in its naked abstractness, just as Achilles's wrath is the first sentence of the "*Iliad*."

This theme, then, is nothing more nor less than the self-consciousness in contradiction with itself, in conflict with its own content. Hence, if the poem is to portray this theme, this con-

tent, in its totality, it must represent it in three spheres: first, *Manifestation*—Faust in conflict with himself; second, *Realization*—Faust in conflict with the Family, Society, and the State; thirdly, *Actualization*—Faust in conflict with Art, Religion, and Philosophy.

Now, my friend, please to examine the poem once more, reflect closely upon what has been said, and then tell how much of the poem can you spare, or how much is there in the poem, as printed, which does not flow from or develop this theme.

IV.

Contents: The sphere of manifestation; the individual has receptivity for productive capacity, and aspiration for the True, the Good, and the Beautiful; the agnosticism of Faust strikes against all these; the German nation; Faust's culture negative; the conjuration of the earth-spirit by aspiration; the inadequacy of the individual to comprehend the universal; hence despair and suicide.

In my last, dear friend, I called your attention to the theme, to the content of the poem in a general way, stating it in the very words of the poet himself. To trace the development of this theme from the abstract generality into concrete detail is the task before us.

According to the analysis, we have to consider, first of all, the sphere of *Manifestation*.

In this we observe the threefold relation which the individual sustains to self-conscious intelligence, viz.: Receptivity for, and production of, and aspiration for, the True, the Good, and the Beautiful. Now, if it is true that man cannot know truth, then it follows that he can neither receive nor produce the True. For how shall he know that whatever he may receive and produce is true, since it is specially denied that he can know it. This conclusion as conviction, however, does not affect immediately the third relation—the aspiration—nor quench its gnawing. And this is the first form of conflict in the individual. Let us now open the book and place it before us.

The historic origin of our theme places us in a German University, in the professor's private studio.

It is well here to remember that it is a German University, and that the occupant of the room is a *German* professor. Also that

it is the received opinion that the Germans are a *theoretical* people; by which we understand that they act from conviction, and not from instinct. Moreover, that their conviction is not a mere holiday affair, to be rehearsed, say on Sunday, and left in charge of a minister, paid for the purpose, during the balance of the week, but an actual, vital fountain of action. Hence, the conviction of such a character being given, the acts follow in logical sequence.

With this remembered, let us now listen to the self-communion of the occupant of the room.

In bitter earnest the man has honestly examined, and sought to possess himself of the intellectual patrimony of the race. In poverty, in solitude, in isolation, he has labored hopefully, earnestly; and now he casts up his account and finds—what? “That nothing can be known.” His hair is gray with more than futile endeavor, and for ten years his special calling has been to guide the students to waste their lives, as he has done his own, in seeking to accomplish the impossible—to know. This is the worm that gnaws his heart! As compensation, he is free from superstition—fears neither hell nor devil. But this sweeps with it all fond delusions, all conceit that he is able to know, and to teach something for the elevation of mankind. Nor yet does he possess honor or wealth—a dog would not lead a life like this.

Here you will perceive how the first two relations are negated by the conviction that man cannot know truth, and how, on the wings of aspiration, he sallies forth into the realm of magic, of mysticism, of subjectivity. For if reason, with its mediation, is impotent to create an object for this aspiration, let us see what emotion and imagination, *without* mediation, can do for subjective satisfaction.

And here all is glory, all is freedom! The imagination seizes the totality of the universe, and revels in ecstatic visions. What a spectacle! But, alas! a spectacle only! How am I to know, to comprehend the fountain of life, the centre of which articulates this totality?

See here another generalization: the practical world as a whole! Ah, that is my sphere; here I have a firm footing; here I am master; here I command spirits! Approach, and obey your master!

"*Spirit.* Who calls ?

Faust. Terrific face !

Sp. Art thou he that called ?

Thou trembling worm !

Faust. Yes ; I'm he ; am Faust, thy peer.

Sp. Peer of the Spirit thou comprehendest—not of me !

Faust. What ! not of thee ! Of whom, then ? I, the image of Deity itself, and not even thy peer ?"

No, indeed, Mr. Faust, thou dost not include within thyself the totality of the practical world, but only that part thereof which thou dost comprehend—only thy *vocation*, and hark ! "It knocks !"

Oh, death ! I see, 'tis my vocation ; indeed, "It is my famulus !"

And this, too, is merely a delusion ; this great mystery of the practical world shrinks to this dimension—a bread-professorship.

It would seem so ; for no theory of the practical world is possible without the ability to know truth. As individual, you may imitate the individual, as the brute his kind, and thus transmit a craft ; but you cannot seize the practical world in transparent forms and present it as a harmonious totality to your fellow-man, for that would require that these transparent intellectual forms should possess objective validity—and this they have not, according to your conviction. And so it cannot be helped.

But see what a despicable thing it is to be a bread-professor !

And is this the mode of existence, this the reality, the only reality, to answer the aspiration of our soul—the aspiration which sought to seize the universe, to kindle its inmost recesses with the light of intelligence, and thus illumine the path of life ? Alas, Reason gave us error—Imagination, illusion—and the practical world, the *Will*, a bread-professorship ! Nothing else ? Yes ; a bottle of laudanum !

Let us drink, and rest forever ! But hold, is there nothing else, really ? No emotional nature ? Hark, what is that ? Easter bells ! The recollections of my youthful faith in a revelation ! They must be examined. We cannot leave yet.

And see what a panorama, what a strange world lies embedded with those recollections. Let us see it in all its varied character and reality, on this Easter Sunday, for example.

V.

Contents : Faust's agnostic conviction leaves him with a mere avocation and youthful recollections to hold him back from suicide; goes with Wagner to see his fellow-men on the Easter festival and discover what it is that makes life worth living for them; his recognition by the people; Wagner thinks such recognition to be a great blessing; his motto: live to make a living; Faust despises undeserved honors, but sees that if he can not know truth, still he possesses power over his fellow-men, and that he can certainly obtain wealth and sensual pleasure; this conviction is the dog; one's avocation followed without higher ends than to make a living is a poodle; re-examines revelation; takes up the passage from St. John to translate; has to get the idea, has to understand the passage in order to translate it; but an agnostic can not understand the truth revealed to him, and revelation is therefore impossible; the dog gets restless as the conviction becomes clear that religion can not furnish truth; it swells to colossal proportions; Faust will renounce the pursuit of truth and turn to selfish gratification.

I have endeavored before to trace the derivation of the content of the first scene of the poem, together with its character, from the abstract theme of the work. In it we saw that the fundamental conviction of Faust leaves him naked—leaves him nothing but a bare avocation,¹ a mere craft, and the precarious recollections of his youth (when he believed in revealed truths) to answer his aspirations. These recollections arouse his emotions, and rescue him from nothingness (suicide)—they fill his soul with a content.

To see this content with all its youthful charm, we have to retrace our childhood's steps before the gates of the city on this the Easter festival of the year—you and I being mindful, in the meantime, that the public festivals of the church belong to the so-called external evidences of the truth of the Christian Religion.

Well, here we are in the suburbs of the city, and what do we see? First a set of journeymen mechanics, eager for beer and brawls, interspersed with servant girls; students whose tastes run very much in the line of strong beer, biting tobacco, and the well-dressed servant-girls aforesaid; citizens' daughters, perfectly outraged at the low taste of the students who run after the servant-girls, "when they might have the very best of society"; citizens dissatisfied with the new mayor of the city—"Taxes increase from

¹ *Avocation* is used in these letters in preference to *vocation*, the latter signifying one's calling as determined by inward character or aptitude, while the former (*avocation*) signifies the external occupation or business followed by the individual. This seems to be the present common usage both in England and in the colonies. See Murray's "New English Dictionary," *sub voc.*—EDITOR.

day to day, and nothing is done for the welfare of the city." A beggar is not wanting. Other citizens, who delight to speak of war and rumors of war in distant countries, in order to enjoy their own peace at home with proper contrast; also an "elderly one," who thinks that she is quite able to furnish what the well-dressed citizens' daughters wish for—to the great scandal of the latter, who feel justly indignant at being addressed in public by such an old witch (although, "between ourselves, she did show us our sweethearts on St. Andrew's night"); soldiers, who sing of high-walled fortresses and proud women to be taken by storm; and, finally, farmers around the linden-tree, dancing a most furious gallopade—a real Easter Sunday or Monday "before the gate"—of any city in Germany, even to this day.

And into this real world, done up in holiday attire, but not by the poet—into this paradise, this very heaven of the people, where great and small fairly yell with delight—Faust enters, assured that here he can maintain his rank as a man; "Here I dare to be a man!" And, sure enough, listen to the welcome:

"Nay, Doctor, 'tis indeed too much
To be with us on such a day,
To join the throng, the common mass,
You, you, the great, the learned man!
Take, then, this beaker, too," etc.

And here goes—a general health to the Doctor, to the man who braved the pestilence for us, and who even now does not think it beneath him to join us in our merry-making—hurrah for the Doctor; hip, hip, etc.

And is not this something, dear friend? Just think, with honest Wagner, when he exclaims, "What emotions must crowd thy breast, O great man! while listening to such honors?" and you will also say with him:

"Thrice blest the man who draws such profits rare
From talents all his own!"

Why, see! the father shows you to his son; every one inquires—presses, rushes to see you! The fiddle itself is hushed, the dancers stop. Where you go they fall into lines; caps and hats fly into the air. But a little more, and they would fall upon their knees as if the sacred Host passed that way!

And is not this great? Is not this the very goal of human ambition? To Wagner, dear friend, it is; for the very essence of an avocation is, and must be, "success in life." But how does it stand with the man whose every aspiration is the True, the Good, and the Beautiful? Will a hurrah from one hundred thousand throats, all in good yelling order, assist him? *No*.

To Wagner it is immaterial whether he *knows* what he *needs*, provided he sees the day when the man who has been worse to the people than the very pestilence itself, receives public honors; but to Faust, to the man really in earnest—who is not satisfied when he has squared life with life, and obtained zero for a result, or who does not merely *live to make a living*, but demands a rational end for life, and, in default of that rational end, spurns life itself—to such a man this whole scene possesses little significance indeed. It possesses, however, *some* significance, even for him! For it is indeed true that man cannot know truth—that the high aspiration of his soul has no object—then this scene demonstrates, at least, that Faust possesses power over the practical world. If he cannot *know* the world, he can at least swallow a considerable portion of it, and this scene demonstrates that he can exercise a great deal of choice as to the parts to be selected; do you see this conviction?

Do you see this conviction? Do you see this dog? Consider it well; what is it, think you? Do you perceive how it encircles us nearer and nearer—becomes more and more certain, and, if I mistake not, a luminous emanation of gold, of honor, of power, follows in its wake. It seems to me as if it drew soft magic rings, as future fetters, round our feet! See, the circles become smaller and smaller—'tis almost a certainty—'tis already near; come, come home with us!

The temptation here spread before us by the poet, to consider the dog "*well*," is almost irresistible; but all we can say in this place, dear friend, is that if you will look upon what is properly called an *avocation* in civil society, eliminate from it all higher ends and motives other than the simple one of making a living—no matter with what pomp and circumstance—no doubt you will readily recognize the *POODLE*. But we must hasten to the studio to watch further developments, for the conflict is not as yet de-

cided. We are still to examine the possibility of a divine revelation to man, who cannot know truth.

And for this purpose our newly-acquired conviction that we possess power over the practical world, although not as yet in a perfectly clear form before us, comfortably lodged behind the stove, where it properly belongs, we take down the original text of the New Testament in order to realize its meaning in our own loved mother-tongue. It stands written: "In the beginning was the Word." Word? Word? Never! *Meaning* it ought to be! Meaning what? Meaning? No; it is *Power*! No; *Deed*! Word, meaning, power, deed—which is it? Alas, how am I to know unless I can know truth? 'Tis even so, our youthful recollections dissolve in mist, into thin air; and nothing is left us but our newly-acquired conviction, the restlessness of which during this examination has undoubtedly not escaped your attention, dear friend. ("Be quiet, there, behind the stove." "See here, poodle, one of us two has to leave this room!") What, then, is the whole content of this conviction, which, so long as there was the hope of a possibility of a worthy object for our aspiration, seemed so despicable? What is it that governs the practical world of finite motives, the power that adapts means to ends, regardless of a final, of an infinite end? Is it not the Understanding? and although Reason—in its search after the *final end*, with its perfect system of absolute means, of infinite motives and interests—begets subjective chimeras, is it not demonstrated that the understanding possesses objective validity? Nay, look upon this dog well; does it not swell into colossal proportions—is no dog at all, in fact, but the very power that holds absolute sway over the finite and negative—the understanding itself—Mephistopheles in proper form?

And who calls this despicable? Is it not Reason, the power that begets chimeras, and it alone? And shall we reject the real, the actual—all, in fact, that possesses objective validity—because, forsooth, the power of subjective chimeras declares it negative, finite, perishable? Never. "No fear, dear sir, that I'll do this. Precisely what I have promised is the very aim of all my endeavor. Conceited fool that I was! I prized myself too highly"—claimed kin with the infinite. "I belong only in thy sphere"—the finite. "The Great Spirit scorns me. Nature is a sealed book to me;

the thread of thought is severed. Knowing disgusts me. In the depths of sensuality I'll quench the burning passion."

Here, then, my friend, we arrive at the final result of the conflict in the first sphere of our theme—in the sphere of manifestation—that of the individual. We started with the conviction *that man cannot know truth*. This destroyed our spiritual endeavors, and reduced our practical avocation to an absurdity. We sought refuge in the indefinite—the mysticism of the past—and were repelled by its subjectivity. We next examined the theoretical side of the practical world, and found this likewise an impossibility and suicide—a mere blank nothingness—as the only resource. But here we were startled by our emotional nature, which unites us with our fellow-man, and seems to promise some sort of a bridge over into the infinite—certainly demands such a transition. Investigating this, therefore, with all candor, we found our fellow-men wonderfully occupied—occupied like the kitten pursuing its own tail! At the same time it became apparent that we might be quite a dog in this kitten dance, or that the activity of the understanding possessed objective validity. With this conviction fairly established, although still held in utter contempt, we examined the last resource: the possibility of a divine revelation of truth to men that cannot know truth. The result, as the mere statement of the proposition would indicate, is negative, and thus the last chance of obtaining validity for anything except the activity of the understanding vanishes utterly. But with this our contempt for the understanding likewise vanishes; for whatever our aspiration may say, it has no object to correspond to it, and is therefore merely subjective, a hallucination, a chimera, and the understanding is the highest attainable for us. Here, therefore, the subjective conflict ends, for we have attained to objectivity, and this is the highest, since there is nothing else that possesses validity for man. Nor is this by any means contemptible in itself, for it is the power over the finite world, and the net result is: That if you and I, my friend, have no reason, cannot know truth, we do have at least a stomach, a capacity for sensual enjoyment, and an understanding to administer to the same—to be its servant. This, at least, is demonstrated by the kitten dance of the whole world.

VI.

Contents : The dog becomes Mephisto ; if man can not know truth, his understanding, or Mephisto, can procure sensual enjoyment for him ; the intellect in the service of the body is Mephistopheles ; the world of reality, the institutions, family, society, and State, have no force to hold man back from sensual gratification with such convictions ; Faust will give up striving for the impossible ; theory is gray, but the tree of life is green ; they will travel on the quality of their cloth.

DEAR H.—In following our theme through the sphere of manifestation, we arrived at the conclusion : “ Although man cannot know truth—has no Reason—he does possess a stomach, a capacity for sensual enjoyment and an Understanding to minister to the same—to be its servant.” With this conclusion, we have arrived at the world of Reality—for we have attributed objective validity to the Understanding. It also determines our position in that world. The Understanding—Mephisto—is our guide and servant ; the world of Reality a mere means for individual ends—for private gratification. Whatever higher pretensions this world might make, such pretensions are based upon the presupposition that man can know Truth, and are therefore without foundation. Hence this world of Reality—the Family, Society, and the State—have no right and no authority as against the individual inclinations and desires of man. The latter are supreme and find their limitation not in Reason, but in the power of the Understanding to supply them with means of gratification. It is true that these means are derived from without, and hence that the individual under this view is limited and determined from without, and that external determination is collision and conflict. Besides, whatever our conviction with reference to the world of Reality may be, that world, once for all, is extant with the bold claim of being on the one side the pledge and on the other the very embodiment of the rational existence of the race ; and it wields, moreover, in that existence, the power of the race. But this is *our* reflection, dear friend, which it may be well enough to keep in view, as a species of logical heat-lightning along the horizon, but which has no significance under the conclusion arrived at by Faust. Under it our individual desires and inclinations, however capricious, are the *end*, and whatever presents itself has value and validity in so far, and only in so far, as it is a means for this end.

These are the principles of the man before us, who,

“ For idle dalliance too old,
Too young to be without desire,”

is still professor in the German University. His life falls in the historic period when a knowledge of the natural sciences is not as yet diffused, and many of the results remain *arcana* for individual profit. Possessed of such, and whatever may enrich the Understanding of man—convinced, circumstanced, and occupied as he is—what should be his future career? Shall he spend the remainder of his life in the same fruitless endeavor as hitherto, even after he is convinced of its futility and thus deprived of the poor solace of hope? Or shall he not rather “learn some sense” and look around for enjoyment before it is entirely too late?

“Away with this striving after the impossible! What though your body is your own, is that which I enjoy less mine? If I can pay for six brave steeds, are they not mine with all their power? I run as if on four-and-twenty legs, and am held to be of some consequence! Away, therefore; leave off your cogitating—away into the world! I tell you, a man who speculates is like a brute led by evil *genii* in circles round and round upon a withered heath, while close at hand smile beauteous pastures green. Just look at this place! Call you this living—to plague yourself and the poor boys to death with *ennui*? Leave that to your good neighbor, the worthy Mr. Book-worm. Why should you worry yourself threshing such straw?”

This, dear friend, is “common sense,” and hence the speech of Mephisto upon the situation, literally translated by the poet no less than by ourselves from the poet. Its extraordinary good sense is so apparent that it cannot be without immediate effect, which we perceive in the scene where the different studies are reviewed by the aid of its radiance concentrated into,

“ All theory, my friend, is gray,
But green the golden tree of Life !”

as the focal point. With this final adieu to the past, we congratulate ourselves upon the “New career”!

“What about the immediate start—conveyance, etc.?” Well, I suppose Faust is not the only one that has travelled on the

quality of his cloth! "To fly through the air on Mephisto's cloak" sounds very poetic, but to pass in society upon the strength of appearance is such an every-day occurrence that it is quite prosaic.

VII.

Contents: The "new career" of Faust; analysis of the world of reality; the natural and rational phases of the family—sexual passion *versus* the social requirements; the collisions between these two phases constitute the contents of light literature, according to Shakespeare (*Romeo and Juliet*); the work of art requires that both sides of the collision be recognized as valid in the public mind; the old social requirements no longer valid in many particulars here in America; the collisions involved in *Macbeth*, *Hamlet*, *Romeo and Juliet*; nature *versus* society; the negative family (illegitimacy); Auerbach's Cellar; chemical science.

In our last, we saw our hero off—that is, we saw him enter upon a "new career," apparently furnished with all the requisites for his journey. Not equipped like him, it will be necessary for you and me to cast about for some mode of progression, lest we be left behind. Let us, therefore, proceed in our own way to examine the *locale*, the world of Reality into which we saw him enter with our own eyes, in order that we may duly appreciate the situation, entertaining no doubt in the mean time but that we shall meet him again in the course of our ramblings.

Setting aside, therefore, the conviction of Faust, which may be regarded as his vehicle, we have before us the world of Reality, characterized in our analysis as deriving the *end* but not the *means* of its existence from self-conscious intelligence, and, as comprehending the three institutions, the Family, Society, and the State. The disparity between the end and the means indicated in the characterization manifests itself in the family in the two factors or moments:

First, the natural moment: the affections of the parties.

Second, the rational moment: the social requirements upon which the family is to be founded.

The first is called *natural*, because it is unconscious, in the sense that it is not based upon any specific reasons, and hence Cupid is represented as blind by the truthful ancients.

The second is called *rational*, because self-conscious intelligence assigns the reasons for or against the contemplated union.

The fact of this duality renders a collision between the two ele-

ments possible, and, in consequence of the peculiar conditions of modern society which favor such collisions, this content has occupied modern art to a greater extent than any other.

“ Ah, me! for aught that ever I could read,
 Could ever hear by tale or history,
 The course of true love never did run smooth :
 But either it was different in blood,
 Or else misgraffed in respect of years ;
 Or else it stood upon the choice of friends ;
 Or, if there were a sympathy of choice,
 War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it,”

says Shakespeare when he epitomizes the content of what is now called light literature.

This collision, however, is a proper subject for Art only when both elements have validity in the public consciousness. Hence, only in modern times, and then only in certain localities.¹

Again, it is a proper subject for Art only when both parties attach this validity to both elements. For if this is not the case, then the collision admits of no solution except an external one—*i. e.*, through a *deus ex machina* as to the party denying this validity, and this is in violation of the great principle that Art is the Manifestation of self-conscious intelligence to man.²

¹ I apprehend that a true American, born in the free West—free in the sense that every man is master over his physical necessities, and not their slave—finds Art of this kind a foreign affair. Not because he is illiterate—the usual solution assigned for his want of appreciation—but simply because the content is *untrue* to him. What is a social inequality to him that he should snivel with Arthur or Harry because they could not marry the girls they loved? He has no personal experience in common with Arthur or Harry. If his parents oppose his marriage because Sally is too poor, he takes her and sings :

“ For Uncle Sam is rich enough to give us all a farm,”

and therewith ends the matter. Again, if he is poor and Sally is the daughter of a United States Senator, and her mother in consequence deady opposed to the match, he quietly works his way into the legislature of his State, defeats the old man for the Senate, and asks the old lady how she would like to be his mother-in-law now. For he is a free American citizen, containing, by virtue of his birth, all the social possibilities between the gallows and the presidential chair. Social requirements can have no validity in his presence, in the sense that he should regard them as insurmountable obstacles to the accomplishment of any rational purpose.

² This is the principle of free art as recognized in all of its significance by Shakespeare. It is based upon the final assumption of absolute self-determination for the

Perhaps the extreme modification of this collision presents itself under the following form: Society promulgates its edict, based upon the necessity of its own existence, that man shall not be a father until he can protect, maintain, and educate his offspring—*i. e.*, guarantee to it a rational existence. But *Nature* declares that he shall be a father when he can propagate his species. Now, the period when the individual may comply with both of these behests does not coincide with the period when he can comply with either; for the command of Nature may be fulfilled on his part several years earlier than that of Society, and during all this time we have Nature urging and Society dissuading and prohibiting the individual from fulfilling the peculiar destiny of his individuality—its annihilation in the generic act. This eventuates in what might be called the “Negative Family”—a generic relation of the sexes utterly devoid of all positive or rational elements.

As a concomitant, and sharing with it a common origin, is that peculiar social phenomenon which we witness in “Auerbach’s Cellar,” where it appears we have arrived in happy time—to find our hero joining in the chorus,

“ We are as happy as cannibals,
Nay, as five hundred hogs ”;

or, if not our hero, Mephisto for him (for you will notice that Faust says only, “ Good evening, gentlemen,” and “ I should like to leave now,” during this whole scene), the very leader of the crowd in wit, song, and wine. Nay, as to the latter, he cannot refrain from giving them a little touch of his chemical science, which can dispense with the old grape-wine process, and still give

individual. Macbeth spurns and demands loyalty at the same time. What wonder, then, that it comes home on the sword of Macduff?

Hamlet arms Doubt; and Accident, the proper person of Doubt, slays Polonius and thus arms Laertes against Hamlet, who returns Laertes his own by *Accident*.

Romeo loves, he knows not whom, and dies, he knows not why; while Juliet—

“ Go ask his name; if he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.”

The Moor of Venice violates the generic conditions of race through physical courage: “ She loved me for the dangers I had passed,” and moral cowardice destroys both him and Desdemona.

Compare with these the works of Calderon and the contrast will render apparent what logic has but indicated.

perfect satisfaction to his customers—a fact of some importance, one would suppose, to the landlord. And thus it would appear that our hero is not left to trust entirely to the quality of his cloth for the practical wherewithal. But the little “Feuer-luft,” which one would at first have been inclined to interpret *Fame*, resolves itself into “fire-water,” or rather the art to make this—to work the miracle of the Wedding-feast at Galilee on the principles of natural science.

VIII.

Contents: Faust's age; necessity of stimulants to arouse passion; the Witches' Kitchen a brothel.

There is one thing, dear friend, in the character of Faust to which I have not called your attention heretofore, and that is, the age of the man and the practical inconvenience he may experience therefrom in his new career.

“For idle dalliance too old,
Too young to be without desire,”

he would find it, no doubt, convenient to decrease the one and increase the other. For in this new career the strength and number of his desires are an essential element, especially when there is every prospect of ample means for their gratification. As regards external appearance, that can be readily managed by a judicious use of cosmetics, the tailor's art, and kindred appliances. But the physical desires, the sexual passions, for example, require youth to yield full fruition. Proper culture, however, not to mention aphrodisiacs, will do much, even in this direction. The modes for this are two, but for practical purposes only one; and although not exactly to our taste at first, still, since there is no other alternative presented, we must to the “Witches' Kitchen,” named the “Negative Family,” if I remember correctly, in a former letter. The popular name for this is somewhat different, but since I have given the genesis of the thing in the letter referred to, I may be permitted to omit the more definite designation, for

“Who dares to modest ears announce
What modest hearts will not renounce?”

If, however, you should find any difficulty in discovering what is meant by the Witches' Kitchen, and where to find it, all that

is necessary is to disregard the name and pay attention to what transpires.

First, the servants, employed, as the poet assures us, in stirring a very strange dish, Beggar's Broth—a kind of broth, perhaps, not so well calculated to feed as to make beggars. You will also perceive the strong propensity to gambling which possesses these creatures. Next, observe the ecstasy of Faust over the image of a woman which he sees in a mirror—with this strange peculiarity:

“Alas! if I do not remain upon this spot, if I dare to approach nearer, then I can only see her as in a mist!” No doubt this beauty will not bear close inspection! Still it is very beautiful! “Is it possible? Is woman so beautiful? Must I see in this moulded form the very comprehension of all that is in heaven? And such an object is found upon this earth?”

Of course it is, and quite attainable, too, says Mephisto. But, above all, pay attention to the scene between Mephisto and the witch herself, not omitting the mode in which he identifies himself as belonging to the nobility. This latter is based upon a satirical saying quite current in Germany, but which will not bear translation.

By paying attention to these things, instead of to the name by which the poet calls the place, you will readily detect the original.

I cannot dismiss this scene without calling your attention to the manner in which a poet treats his theme. The scene just examined may, at first glance, appear to flow less freely or necessarily from the content, the idea of the work, even for those who can recognize the negativity of the conclusions of Faust, and trace that negativity through the various forms in which it presents itself in society. And yet, aside from this logical necessity, there is another, a physico-psychological necessity for this scene, contained in the theme, thus:

“So, then, I have studied Philosophy,
Jurisprudence, and Medicine,
And, what is worse, Theology,
Thoroughly, but, alas, in vain.”

Who says this—a young man of twenty or twenty-five? If so, what significance can there be attached to his words? What

could he be expected to know of such subjects at that age? But mark :

“ And here I stand, with study hoar,
A fool—and know what I knew before.”

Ay, more—

“ Am called Magister, nay, LL. D.,
And for ten years am busily
Engaged to lead through fen and close
My trusting pupils by the nose.”

You will see, my friend, what an essential element the age of Faust is, to give weight to his conclusions. Without this, the whole would sink into utter absurdity. But now comes the question: How is this LL. D., hoary with study, professor in the university for the last ten years, to enter into a conflict with the family, so necessarily contained in his conviction? The lessons taught and appliances furnished in the Witches' Kitchen are the poet's answer to this question. . Of these, advantage has been taken, and such benefits reaped, that at the end of the scene we are assured, upon the very best authority, that he is now in a condition to “see a Helen in every woman.” The means used, it is sufficient to know, were produced under the special directions of the devil, although the devil himself could not make them, and were therefore quite natural.

IX.

Contents : Gretchen's family; the church the guardian of the sacredness of the family; the individual's selfishness first cancelled in the family wherein there is mutual self-sacrifice; the family relation impossible with Faust's conviction; the destruction of the family results from Faust's deed; but the destroyer is preserved because the collision that produces the destruction is not one peculiar to the family, but a general one that attacks all institutions; agnosticism, whose first result is sensual indulgence, is therefore not solved in the First Part of Faust.

We are now prepared, my friend, to witness the results of the elements and powers so carefully elaborated by the poet. In order to do so, however, with satisfaction, it may be necessary to recall, in their simplest logical forms, the agents involved. On the one side, therefore, we have the family relation, with its natural and rational moments, and on the other the conviction that this relation has no validity as against the individual desires and conclusions of man. Imbued with and swayed by the latter, we

have Faust, a man prepared "to see a Helen in every woman"; as the simple bearer of the former in its potential perfection, a young woman—"not so poor but that she enjoys the respect of her neighbors, nor yet so rich that she may defy their opinion." For under these social conditions, if anywhere, that which the Germans call "*Sitte*," and the ancients called "*Ethica*," and what we, with our usual obliquity of expression, call "public morals," must be sought. This young woman, clad in purity and faith, is met at the temple of the living God—at once the primary source and the still existing refuge of the sacredness of the family relation. The severely realistic character of Gretchen, therefore, is determined by the theme; and the scene where she relates her daily occupation of cooking, washing, sweeping, etc., besides the exquisite motive which the poet employs to transfigure its prosaic commonplace, ought not to be wanting. While this gives the potential, the real side of the family relation must be presented. This is supplied by the family of which Gretchen is a member. If we desire to determine further the elements of the latter, it is necessary only to reflect upon the peculiar mediation involved in the relation.¹ From this it would appear that the essential ele-

¹ The individual is born. His existence depends upon the constant victory of *his* individuality over every *opposing* individuality, particularity, or process. To this he owes his existence, both prior and subsequent to his birth. And yet the existence of that individual is dependent in its origin upon the cancelling of individuality in the generic act. The affirmative solution of this contradiction rests with the Family.

Let us watch the process for a moment. Take a young man of twenty or twenty-five—one who pays his way, *i. e.*, makes himself valid in the material, social, and political relations of life. He depends upon himself, has no wife or child, pays what he owes, and earns what he eats. His success depends upon "looking out for number one"—his own individuality is the beginning and the end of his exertion. But see, he has looked into that woman's eyes, and now, lo! with a peculiar gratification, he pays for her subsistence also! She *was* nothing to him—he owed her nothing—and yet the delight of his life seems to be to labor early and late to provide for her. Her garb is his delight, her food his enjoyment; for he is no longer a mere man, but a husband; no longer a mere individual, but a rational somewhat, whose individuality reaches beyond himself, and finds itself in another. Nor does it stop here; the two become three, five, ten. And this individuality, which was centred in and upon itself, had itself for its sole end and aim, has lost itself, and stands the husband of a wife and the father of a family. It enjoys itself no longer, save through this assemblage of individualities; it exists for them. Again, if we look upon this assemblage, we find a kindred process: the individuality of each member is modified by the relation which it sustains to all the rest. The brother is the lover of the sister, her champion and protector, if the father fail. This prepares them for the kindly glance of strangers, etc., and the process begins

ments of that mediation are presented in the mother, the son, and the daughter, uniting at once the highest possible degree of potentiality with the reality of fact. For the son is brother and father, the daughter is sister and mother, and the mother becomes grandmother.

From these elements, thus determined as to number, character, and social position, the scenes flow with logical necessity to the final solution—the destruction of the Family.

These evolutions are so simple, and their logical import is so generally understood, that it is not necessary to dwell upon them in detail. The only point which might, perhaps, require attention is the artistic side—the true nature of the collision presented and the mode of its solution. That the family relation is impossible under the conviction of Faust, or that an existing family should be destroyed (the mother poisoned, the child drowned, the brother slain, and the sister stand before the judgment-seat of God as the self-acknowledged author, cause, or whatever name you may give to the connection which she had with these effects), by a man's giving practical effect to the convictions of Faust, is acknowledged and realized by the general consciousness of the age, as is abundantly proved by the effect which the part of the work under consideration has produced. But the nature of the collision presented, and the artistic character of the solution, have given rise to some doubt. It may, therefore, be well, at the conclusion of this letter, to recall to your mind some of the facts and principles formerly alluded to, which, in my opinion, are well calculated to remove whatever difficulty may have arisen on this point.

If my memory serves me, I called your attention, in a former letter, to the collisions inherent in the family relation, and also to the conditions under which they might be used for artistic purposes—namely, that both parties should give full validity to both elements of the collision. Now, if from great familiarity with the themes derived from this source we regard the part of the work under consideration as presenting one of these collisions, then we meet with difficulty as regards the solution, or rather want of solution. For the destruction of the family and the preserva-

anew. Thus an affirmative solution is wrought out, or, what is the same thing, the contradiction has an affirmative result—the perpetuation of the Family and, through it, of the Race.

tion of the destroyer will hardly pass for a satisfactory solution, either logical or artistic. To regard the poem, however, in this light, would be our own act and the consequent difficulty one of our own creation; for this would be an attempt to make rather than to read the poem. And whatever merit or demerit might attend the undertaking, it would hardly be fair to attribute either the one or the other to the author of *Faust*; for in this poem we have for our theme "The self-conscious intelligence in conflict with itself—with its entire content." Not the content with itself, but the self-conscious intelligence on the one side and its content on the other. Included within this content we have the institution of the family. Hence, the collision presented is one not inherent in this institution (for that involves as its presupposition the valid existence thereof), but between the family and its negation. It is, therefore, not an independent but a subordinate collision. The Family is a part of the content of self-conscious intelligence, and as such a part it is drawn into the conflict posited between that intelligence and its content in the proposition: "Man cannot know Truth." But since it is only a part of this content, the conflict is not exhausted by the destruction of the Family, any more than it was exhausted at the end of the subjective collision which resulted in the destruction of the rational avocation of *Faust* and delivered him over to the guidance of the Understanding and its finite aims—sensual indulgence. Hence, no solution is presented or as yet possible, and those who regard the destruction of the Family as the solution of the collision presented, and thus substitute one of the moments [factors] for the totality, ought not to wonder if they find in the end that, after all, the poem has no further unity than what it derives from the art of the bookbinder, and that its solution is very inartistic and immoral. Nothing is more natural than such a conclusion.¹ As the result of the sub-

¹ The only point to be remembered in this connection by you and me is this: that in all critical labors—this humble attempt not excepted—there may be observed to exist some slight analogy to the works of the taxidermist. Not merely because the operation in either case fills the external form of the given subject with such substance as he may have at hand—stubble, chaff, or bran—but especially because the object and purpose of their respective labors is nearly the same—namely, to assist the appreciation of the beautiful, in Art or Nature. And that as the one would not be permitted to present you with a specimen of a bird of Paradise with neck, wings, and tail removed, simply, perhaps, because he found it inconvenient to fill them with his stubble, so you should refuse

jective collision we had the conclusion : that if man cannot know truth he can enjoy sensual pleasure. Taking this for the principle of our action, we entered the world of reality, and lo ! it crumbles under our feet. We clasp the beautiful, pure, and confiding girl, but, as all rational end is ignored, our embrace is death. Not life, not perpetuity of the race, but *death*—blank nothingness ; the conclusion reads : “ If man cannot know truth, then he cannot exist ? ”

X.

Contents : A Second Part of Faust necessary because the First Part does not exhaust the theme ; the collision reaches society and the State ; hence society or the social organization as the system of productive industry is introduced in the second part of the tragedy under a typical description ; definition of productive industry ; how the division of labor operates to produce the largest product for the least exertion ; all avocations necessary to supply the wants of each individual, and each avocation furnishes something desired by all ; hence exchange or commerce is necessary ; money the means of this exchange necessarily itself the product of labor, so that it can measure labor ; the State, which is the rational will of the people, secures to each individual the results of his deed in the system of productive industry and protects him ; he becomes a “ universal individual ” by becoming a part of the great system of industry which is consolidated by the laws of the State ; this process of mediation presupposes that man can know truth or can come into relation with the universal by his will, and also by his intellect ; the communication of one's convictions to others ; how individual opinion becomes universal conviction ; justice (or the securing to each the result of his deeds) essential to industrial society ; results of its failure ; effect of fictitious money.

The poet's theme is not exhausted, and, therefore, the poem is not completed. Such, my dear H., was the conclusion of our last letter. The reason assigned was that the proposition, man cannot know truth, places the individual who entertains it as his conviction in conflict with the entire content of self-conscious intelligence. This content includes, according to our analysis, not merely the objects of rational aspiration for the individual, but also, in the sphere of *realization*, the family, society, and the State. Leaving out of view for a moment that other world, the sphere of actuality—also mentioned in a former letter—that spans the

to accept as a fair specimen the result of the labors of the other if the subject treated bears traces of mutilation. But, above all, as any serious attempt to make you believe that the headless and wingless specimen was complete as Nature produced it, would only excite your derision, still more should the dogmatic assertions of the critic, though ever so persistent, fail to mar your appreciation of a great work of art, but simply serve as “ ear-marks ” by which you discern his own quality.

real world as its empyrean, it is obvious that the poem would be but a meagre fragment if it ended with the presentation of the collision, either between Faust and his conviction—that is, between his aspiration to know and his conviction that he cannot know—or between Faust and the family—that is, between the man who denies the existence of reason, of truth, and the family—an institution of reason—the embodiment of truth. To exhaust the theme, therefore, even as far as the world of reality is concerned, it is obvious that the poet has to present Faust in collision with society, and finally Faust in collision with the State—as both of these institutions are but embodiments or realizations of the same intelligence.

In a note to Letter IX you find a statement of the process of mediation involved in the family. This institution presupposes the existence of both Society and the State, but the former more immediately than the latter. The process itself we observe to consist in the continual becoming of individuality by the continual cancellation thereof. We traced the individual up to the point where the isolated singleness of his being broadens out into a husband, a father, and the head of a family. But the process of mediation does not stop here. As the head of a family, he stands charged by every instinct of his manhood with the protection of each and every one of its members—not merely against danger, but against want in any form. To accomplish this, he realizes, or, what is the same thing, he enters into what we have called the presupposition of the family—society. Of course, dear H., I do not mean society from its social or emotional side, but the social organization as the system of productive industry.

Productive Industry.—This system of the modern world, by which is meant free industry, is an organic totality. Its final end is the production of the means to supply the wants of that world, and thus to guarantee its existence against physical necessity. This reasonable end permeates the totality, and secures to each member a rational existence or sphere of action. As an organic totality it is automatic in its functions; every means is an end, and every end is a means, and thus it elaborates every means posited by the end of its existence.

Waste, either in the form of misapplication of its exertion, or in the form of misapplication of the means produced, negates the

rationality of that exertion. Hence economy is the first law of its activity.

But the earth presents different degrees of facility for different products in different localities, and different individuals possess different degrees of aptitude to avail themselves of these facilities. Hence economy, which demands the largest product for the least exertion, produces the various avocations, each devoted to the production of a special means, or a special class of means, to supply a special want, or a special class of wants. But each individual producer in any one of these avocations has all the wants in kind that are to be supplied. Hence all the avocations are necessary to supply the wants of each individual, and the one avocation in which the individual is productive supplies the particular want of all, or many, with the particular means produced by that avocation. Thus the system of wants—Nurture, Amusement, and Culture of the individual members—presupposes the system of avocations of productive industry as a whole. But as each produces for all, and all for each, exchange of products alone can bring together Means and Want. This, however, is possible only if any one of the means, as such, can be expressed in the terms of all the rest. But as *all* the means produced supply all the wants, and all the wants demand *all* the means, any one is capable of this. They are all means alike, and the common end furnishes the common measure to determine the relative value of each in terms of all the rest. What specific one of the means is to be employed in practice at any given time—this is determined by the law of economy of the time and the locality.

The further specialization of the function of exchange into the various avocations of commerce, such as banking, transportation, insurance, etc., follows from the law of existence (autonomy) or the law of activity (economy), and do not concern us here.

It is the means of exchange, as an integral part of the system of means produced by industry to supply the system of wants, that requires our attention. It is such a means produced and determined by and for such a rational system, supplied with a true certificate as to the quality and quantity of the given sample; that is, money—the money of fact, truth, and reason. In it, as the product of the system and its end, that system is self-determined and not determined from without.

This system, as stated, is rational. It derives this content from the end of its existence, and that is the maintenance of the rational beings of whom it is composed. These beings enter as potentially rational beings—that is, as potentially free. They choose each the avocation the most reasonable for him. They enter this system, not to lose this potentiality, but to develop it into a rational existence. This furnishes the essential determination of every relation involved within the totality.

To announce these determinations and to give them reality for the individual, to enforce them, is the function of the State. Its will, when announced, is the law, which, thus filled with this rational content, is the rational will of a people, and this will, thus imbued with this content, when enforced, is justice for the individual. Through it, or in it, the want and the means are united into the one end—the existence of a rational being. That is to say, by it the deed of the individual and its result are assured to him, and become the means for his existence.

It is into this system that the individual enters, and through it the process of mediation which transforms individuality into citizenship is completed; step by step his individuality is elaborated into universality until it is imbued with the rational, the universal will of the State. As individual he becomes the head of the family. As such, the well-being of that family is his rational aim. His individual well-being is bound up with the well-being of three, five, ten, or more. He next enters the industrial totality. The end of its existence is to supply the wants of him and his, no less than the wants of every member of the totality. The result of his exertion becomes a part of the general resources for all, and the exertions of all become the resources for the general wants of him and his. His individual contribution, the result of his act, is mediated through the contributions of all, and reciprocally the contributions of all are mediated through his. In accepting, and, what is the same thing, guaranteeing this mediation, he is a citizen of the State—the incorporated will of the totality imbued with its rational end, the existence of free beings. In this the general will, clothed with the power of the totality, exists for him, and reciprocally he for it. For him, in that it recognizes his act, the embodiment of his will as its (the State's) own, as the embodiment of its own will, as lawful, and guarantees its existence—protection.

He for it, in accepting the general will as the content of his individuality, his caprice (rendering obedience to the laws), and in pledging his existence (life, fortune, and sacred honor) for the maintenance of the State. Thus, and thus only, is the individual universal and the universal individual—the individual will has its power in the universal, and the universal its reality in the individual.

NOTE I.—The process of mediation here sketched in its main logical elements rests upon and is the product of reason—the ability of man to know and produce truth—to come into ideal relation with the universal. I, the individual, hit upon a thought which sways my conviction, which looks absolutely true to me. I communicate it to you; it sways your conviction—it looks true to you. We then believe alike—have but one conviction, although we are two wholly distinct individuals. We communicate the same thought to a hundred—a thousand; it exercises the same effect upon them with the same result—reducing them to one mind. It is communicated to millions—to hundreds of millions (this is not overstating the fact in regard to the thoughts of Euclid, Homer, Shakespeare, and the like)—and the same result follows. This illustrates what I mean by the universality of truth or the universal—the basis of conviction, of subjecting the individual to truth, of making a many one, or a one many, without destroying the one. Of course, the possibility of the existence of a general will, of a general purpose, rests upon the possibility of the existence for man of this universal, that can sway and reduce to unity the different individual convictions and opinions. Without this, the individual will will be the bearer of its individual purpose determined by the individual opinion.

NOTE II.—From what precedes, we have the following results:

1. A guarantee of justice is the necessary presupposition of the system of productive industry—of industrial society.

2. A failure of justice withdraws the motive for rational exertion from productive industry. Result—destruction of industry.

3. A failure of industry is: 1st. A failure of the material resources of the State. 2d. It is the failure of the process which contains the mediation through which the individual becomes a citizen—becomes imbued with the universal, with the truth of his existence expressed or embodied in the State. Result 1st. Failure of the vital essence of the State. Result 2d. A failure of the development of the potential rationality of the individual into a reality—of his caprice into freedom—of his physical life into a rational existence.

4. A failure of industry, as above, is a failure of the material resources of the State (see general head III), of its revenue payable with the means of exchange. You supply this from without. This withdraws a motive from production to supply a want (means of exchange) inherent in the system. Result 1st. Increase of the evils you seek to remedy—that is, decrease of production. Result 2d. Increase of the effective power of causes that produce results 1, 2, and 3.

5. The means of exchange is a want that springs from the system of productive industry. Outside of that system it has no existence. Result 1st. The means you supply from without are fictitious. Result 2d. As a want that springs from the system, it presupposes that system; but supplied from without, it destroys the vital powers of that system, and hence itself its own presupposition.

XI.

Contents: The family charged with the (a) production, (b) nurture, (c) amusement, (d) and culture of the individual; society charged with the production of the means to supply the wants of the family; the State charged with the guarantee of justice or the return of the result of the individual act upon the individual as his own; the criminal and the beggar are in conflict with this or that law of the State, but not with the State as a whole; but Faust denies the reality of all rational institutions; for him the State is destitute of authority; a State in which the citizens do not recognize the necessity of its determinations is ripe for revolution; it is an embodiment of unreason; Faust must enter such a State in order to manifest his conviction; *first*, we must have Faust in conflict with industrial society (paper-money scheme); and *second*, in conflict with the State as a sovereignty.

In my last, dear H., I stated something in relation to society as an industrial whole, and followed it up to the point where it unites with its presupposition, the State. This we found to be the realized rational will or the general will of the social totality. Into this we traced the individual from the *family*—charged with his production, nurture, amusement, and culture up to the time when he himself becomes productive—into *society*, charged with producing the means wherewith the wants of the family are supplied—and thus into the *State*, charged with the guarantee of justice, with the guarantee of his rational existence, by returning the result of his individual act, lost apparently in the general resources produced by the industrial totality—to him the individual, as his own. If the act is good, in harmony with the general will of the State, the law of the land, he is entitled to the result; whatever is created thereby is his. If the act is bad, in violation of the general will, he is still entitled to it—*i. e.*, to the result, and the State brings it home to him.

In either case he is a citizen, and not in conflict with society or the State as such. The criminal and the beggar are in conflict with this or that law of the State, but not with the State as a whole, or with society as a whole. They are still positive quantities in either, if only in the capacity of increasing the general want, which in the system before us is not negative, but the perennial fountain of rational exertion.

To be in collision with these institutions, as institutions, it would appear, therefore, that the individual must be a rebel.

But the rebel, while he denies this or that State, labors to establish a State, and thus attributes validity to the State as such

This, however, is quite a different position from what is occupied by the man who denies the possibility of reason, the possibility of truth to man. He denies the validity, not of this or that State, but of the *State as such*—of the entire mediation involved in the family, in society, and the State, through which the individual becomes a citizen, a free rational existence, and the State a reality. In his view the State, in itself, as we have seen, the embodiment of the rational will of a people, becomes the embodiment of the mere arbitrary will of a people—wholly destitute of authority as against the will of the individual, and therefore non-extant.

But the State as such is the embodiment of the rational will of a people, the general will filled or imbued with and controlled by reason. All its functions are derived from this, and have for their final end the realization of the determinations of this rational will, from day to day, in the laws and regulations of the realm, in order that justice may be a reality for the citizen.

The general will, however, can only be imbued with rational determinations in so far as these have become developed, in the consciousness of the social totality—only in so far as that totality has become self-conscious. But in the world of reality, in time, this can only be imperfect at any given period. Hence there is a possibility that a given State may be largely the embodiment of unreason, and such a State, while it would produce the conviction of Faust on the one hand, would furnish an appropriate arena for the activity dominated by that conviction on the other.

It is in such a State, and such a State alone, dear H., that we can look for the elements that will give power to Faust to sustain his side of the collision; for you will observe the conviction announced is the pure abstract negative. The rebel negates the State against which he rebels, but his power is derived from affirming the State as such. This affirmation is the basis of association, of combining with others for the overthrow of the State rebelled against.

But if there is no truth for man, pray what becomes of conviction? If no conviction, what of free association, of free co-operation for the attainment of an end requiring co-operation?

It is obvious, therefore, that the theme demands that Faust should find within the State an environment, so to speak, in harmony with his conviction. But that would place the collision

not between Faust and the State, as it exists in the world of reality, but between Faust plus whatever unreason might be found embodied in the State, on the one side, and the rational elements of that State (for without some rational elements it could not exist), plus the State as such, the actual, the ideal State, on the other. While this collision, therefore, still belongs to the sphere of reality, it at the same time presents the bridge, the transition by which we pass over into the sphere of actuality indicated in our analysis.

Again, the question arises, How is a collision between Faust and society, as a whole, possible? for that is the very essence of the conviction of Faust: it negates the organic totality as such. Society, it is true, is an organic totality, but the principle of its organism is implicit, incorporated, appears nowhere in that totality as a distinct, explicit, independent reality. This principle is justice, as we have seen, but justice is the function of the State. Hence, in order that the collision may be real, it must assume the form:

First, Faust in collision with the State as the guarantee of the organic principle of the industrial totality—industrial society.

Second, Faust in collision with the State as such, with the State as a sovereignty.

With these reflections fairly before our minds, dear H., let us proceed to examine what the poet presents us.

Before doing so, however, permit me to call your attention to a remark made in a former letter. By reference to the one containing the analysis of the sphere of manifestation, you will find it stated that the conviction of Faust does not affect immediately the third relation which the individual sustains to the content of self-conscious intelligence—namely, aspiration toward the true, the good, and the beautiful. I deem it advisable to refresh your memory in regard to this remark, for the reason that the absorbing effect which the relation which Faust sustained to the family during the first part of the poem was well calculated to dim, if not to obscure, this very important element, not merely in his character, but also in our appreciation thereof.

It is highly important, however, that we should remember that it is there, dimmed, obscured for a time, if you will, but not eradi-

cated nor eradicable. It is inherent, constitutive alike of the character of Faust, human nature, and the poem.

XII.

Contents : The Holy German Empire ; Mephisto as court fool, the representative of the "third estate" ; the two classes that support the throne and take for recompense the church and State ; justice has vanished from the realm ; the results told by the chancellor, commander-in-chief, treasurer, and steward ; the fool thinks that it is not justice that is wanting, but money, or, at least, cunningly diverts the attention from the true want, that of justice ; treat the symptom rather than the disease ; "The want is money : get it."

At the conclusion of our last I was about to proceed with the examination of the poem when it occurred to me that we were in danger of overlooking a matter of some importance, and now I find another fact that we ought to remember, and that is, that the poet spoke and wrote in German—was, in fact, a German by birth and nativity. This, however, is not so important, as the circumstance that the German people, even in the poet's day, had a political organization somewhat unique among the political organizations of the earth.

Indeed, so early in the poem as in the scene in Auerbach's Cellar we are informed by one Brander that it ought to be a cause for self-congratulation, nay, of thanksgiving to Almighty God every morning before breakfast, so to speak, that no one needs to pay the least attention to the Empire.

But let us step over and see. See Faust introduce himself under his *alias* Mephisto—and it may be as well for our own behoof to observe that he does not deem it advisable to lay this *alias* aside throughout the first two scenes. Obviously on the alert to understand the lay of the land before he ventures abroad, see him introduce himself and be welcome to the highly important function of court-fool ! Do not smile, my friend ; it was the only function assignable to a representative of the third estate in the vicinity of the throne, or even in hearing distance thereof, for long centuries of human history. Yes, even such has been the lot of man ! Court-fool ! Well, it was not a very exalted position, nor yet a very authoritative rostrum from which the consciousness of the people had to voice its mandates to itself ; still, something better than dumb silence. Indeed, important enough it would

seem to deserve notice and even answer from the very chancellor of the realm himself. Hear him: "Two classes only have arisen in the Emperor's ancient dominion, and they support worthily the throne—the priests and the knights. Every calamity they forefend and take as humble recompense the Church and the State."

Talk to us of public opinion, a third estate, or even hint at such!

"Atheist, heterodoxy, witchcraft, the very ruin of land and people. *Nature, Spirit!* Is that language for Christian ears? Why do we burn atheists at the stake but because such language is highly dangerous? Nature is sin, spirit is devil, and between them they hatch naught but doubt and evil," says he.

This State, so marvellously defended against every calamity, as we are thus assured by his Excellency the Chancellor, is, nevertheless, strangely out of joint. Nay, he himself, this very Excellency or Accidency, has but now informed his Majesty the Emperor, after the most elaborate compliment, "that Justice, the thing loved, wished for, sought after, nay, demanded by all men, has vanished from the realm. The State is one vast hurly-burly of lawlessness."

One steals a herd of cattle, another a wife, another the sacred vessels, the chandelier, the very cross from the altar, and publicly boasts his deed unpunished. Nay, the judge upon the bench divides the spoil with the thief. "We must find some remedy. Where all are bent on mischief, and all suffer, the Majesty of the throne itself will be in danger," thinks this wise man.

The commander-in-chief reports the army but one step removed from open mutiny, and is of the opinion that if the State were not owing the hired soldiers some back pay, they would take to their heels. But as it is they are content to plunder the people whom they are hired to protect. The treasurer reports that so many rights and privileges have been given—frittered away—that there is nothing left to which the State has any right. Every one grasps and gathers for his private coffer, and our strong-box is and remains empty.

Indeed, this has arrived at such a pass that the very cellar and kitchen threaten to suspend performing their functions for the royal table itself. Obviously, my friend, not a very high specimen of rational reality, this State of ours.

What wonder that his Majesty, after listening to these highly

edifying reports as to the condition of affairs, turns to the fool with:

"Say, fool, can't you help out these gentlemen with some additional case of misery?"

Fool. "I? No indeed, to see the splendor surrounding thee and thine! What could be wanting? Confidence? Where Majesty resistlessly commands, where power at hand destroys the inimicable, where good-will, strengthened by understanding and industry manifold, is at hand,

What could for evil be combining,
Spread darkness where such stars are shining.

Alas, your Majesty! where, into what corner, can you look in this world but that you see some want? One lacks this, the other that, but here it seems the thing wanted is money."

"Of course you cannot rake it together in the street. Still wisdom knows how to obtain what is deepest buried. In mountain veins, beneath the foundation of ancient walls, both minted and unminted gold is found. And do you ask who brings it into the light of day? I answer, The spiritual power of your man of talent."

You will observe, my friend, that the want of justice, the thing loved, wished for, sought after, nay, demanded by all men, the want which one would presume the most imperative for the existence of society, and which, once supplied in some reasonable degree, might, peradventure, supply all the rest, this want of wants, the very root, the seed-grain of all the rest—this want is not mentioned by Mephisto. Nay, looked at with our eyes open, it would appear that financial and industrial anarchy is but the result of a failure of justice (see Letter X). Not only this, but it is the method which the industrial totality as an organism has of expressing that failure. And beyond that it is the method employed by that totality to serve notice upon those whom it may concern, that such failure shall not be always. Was it for Mephisto, think you, to call attention to this?

So having finished the hysterical unreason of his Excellency the Chancellor, who had exploded, at hearing the expression "spiritual power of your man of talent," with a piece of two-edged sarcasm, and having been checked by his Majesty with "What do you

mean with such a lent sermon? Will it supply our wants? I am tired of hearing the everlasting how and when. The want is money—all right, get it!"—meant apparently as much or more for the Chancellor as for Mephisto—the latter continues: "I'll get all you want; nay, more. Although the thing is easy enough, still it has its difficulties. It lies about in heaps, but to get hold of it, that is the trick. Where is the man that knows it? Just think for a moment—think how, during the fearful days when human inundations swept over land and people, one and the other, in the terror of the moment, hid, buried his precious wealth. So it was in the days of the mighty Romans, and from that time down to this very day. All this lies still buried in the ground; but the ground belongs to the Emperor, by right of eminent domain, and he shall have the treasure."

In all this, my friend, you will observe how skilfully Mephisto succeeds in forging the issue—in substituting the symptom for the disease, as the doctors would say. Yes, more, is already busily preparing the poisonous anodyne, to cheat the patient, to lull him to rest, to allay the paroxysm, the only sign of health left in the system upon which alone any hope of recovery could be based. In the report of the Chancellor to the Emperor the poet presents the origin and source of the evil—a failure of justice. The commander-in-chief elaborates its effects upon the army; the treasurer upon the treasury; and the general steward brings them home, so to speak, to the bed and board of his Majesty. But what wonder that a sovereign opens the very session of his cabinet at which this state of affairs is presented, after the courtesy of a welcome is despatched, with the half reproachful question:

"But tell, me gentlemen, what is the reason that in these bright days, days which we had intended to have free from care, which we had dedicated to pleasant recreation and enjoyment—why is it, I ask, that we should sit here and worry ourselves with business, with consultations—why is it? Still, as you think it cannot be avoided, I have consented, and a session may proceed."

I say what wonder that such a sovereign should appreciate the want that threatens his cellar, his kitchen, and his table, much more readily than the want that merely converts his empire into an anarchy? Besides, the want of society, justice, as we are informed, and truthfully informed, by the Chancellor, can only

emanate from the sovereign himself, while the remedy suggested is so easy, can in point of fact be abundantly supplied by the—Fool.

Don't it strike you as very natural that such a sovereign should find that (as suggested by the fool) "The want is money—get it"? And herewith the council stands adjourned.

XIII.

Contents: If they had the philosopher's stone, the stone would lack the philosopher; the fool's gospel: get money as preferable to justice; the Empire a State on the verge of revolution, a tinder-box only needing a single spark to fire its contents; the fool moistens the tinder with money and wards off revolution by this means; the fool's gospel begets fool money; the State fails to perform its essential function and provide justice; the consequence is violence and robbery everywhere prevalent; productive industry ceases and the finances become deranged as a further symptom; Faust's agnostic conviction, practically realized in Mephistopheles, the denier of all rationally ordered existence in the form of family, society, State, and church, substitutes one of the consequences of this failure of justice for the true cause and suggests that the want of money is the only evil, and that its remedy is an issue of paper money based on the possibilities of future production; but the State's business is not to supply the products of industry; society, as the aggregate of free industrial units, should do this; if the State does this, it destroys the industrial freedom of the individual and deprives him of the culture essential to the development of his manhood; if the value of the products of industry is to be measured by a standard not furnished by industry itself (*i. e.*, by "fiat money"), all accurate ascertainment of true values becomes impossible; no one can tell what the products of his industry will bring him in exchange for the products of others; the arbitrary will of the State makes or unmakes the standard, and labor finds itself furnishing real values for fictitious values and is demoralized; industry relaxes and a spirit of speculation becomes rife; hence in Act IV, Goethe shows us the effect of the fool's remedy to be ultimate anarchy and revolution; but the present effect is apparently to make all happy; "one half the world carouses and the other half struts about in fine clothing; while cooking and roasting go on in the kitchens and the crowd rushes to the bakers, the butchers, and the saloons."

In our last, dear H., we observed the surroundings into which Faust has entered. Keeping our eyes upon this, we paid no attention to the soundings which out of abundant precaution that gentleman takes in that scene to right and left in order to ascertain the course of the channel. But when we hear him at the close musing to himself with peculiar chuckle, "A precious lot! how desert and well-being depend the one upon the other, that never enters their noddles; had they the Philosopher's stone in the hollow of their hand, the stone would lack the Philosopher"—we may rest assured that every point of the compass is fairly

ascertained; yes, and with so little trouble in his estimation that it was hardly worth the precaution of equivocal speech and action.

But you ask me, "What of you? Have you taken your bearings, the dimension and inventory of this wondrous tinder-box, this marvellous collection of charred rag, preserved by the good housewife Destiny, for the purpose of rekindling the sacred hearth in an emergency? Is it likely the fool, the man that does not believe truth obtainable from man, will supply the kindling spark—is it likely?" What a question! Has he not slobbered his spittle into it? Is he not braying it, even now, with his wand into a mush, into a dish most disgustingly filthy and foul—is he not? Certainly he is, my friend, and the more is the pity. But what is that to our purpose? We did not write the poem, nor make the world concerning which it was written; we only desire to read it understandingly to see it flow in logical sequence from the theme announced. And pray what surprise is there for us in the circumstance that in a world largely destitute of truth, largely destitute of even the ability to know truth—what occasion for surprise, I ask, that in such a world the fool's gospel, "the want is money—get it," should find belief?

This, my friend, is all that the poet says here, and I for my part can almost believe him. Of course, the sequence to this, that this fool-gospel will have to embody itself into a reality commensurate, that the fool-want will have to be supplied with fool-money—this is a consequence axiomatic in character.

The point to which I intended to call your attention when you interrupted with your irrelevant question was this: That Faust finds himself at the Court of a State—was in point of fact the product of a State in which the sovereignty fails to perform its functions toward society. The results, as indicated in a former letter by logical deduction, are facts that present themselves.

A failure of justice exhibits the natural consequence—deranged production; this the further consequence of deranged finances; this a derangement of the revenues of the State, and this the consequences reported by the Treasurer, the General, and finally by the Steward of the Household. Faust—for whom the State, society, and the family have no valid existence beyond mere arbitrary aggregates, the result of caprice, instead of the most sacred reali-

ties, the very essence of man's rational nature—quietly substitutes one of the consequences of the failure of justice—want of money—a means produced by industry, as we have seen—for the cause, and suggests as the remedy that the State proceed to supply this want. But as the State is not exactly in this line of business—that is, can supply nothing in the way of material means—he suggests that they go into the business of treasure-digging on a grand scale, and, as the event of such an enterprise can not be doubtful to any one “who is worthy of entertaining unlimited confidence in the unlimited,” that they in the mean time issue paper in anticipation of the undoubted success of the undertaking.

“TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:”

“This note is worth one thousand crowns. As ample security there stands pledged the untold treasure that lies buried throughout the Emperor's dominion. Of course measures have been adopted that the royal fortune be at once raised and applied in liquidation.”

This security the poet deems as good or better than any that has been, or can be, offered under such circumstances, and stamps the assertion of Faust—“The want is money—get it”—as fool-gospel, and the means provided to supply that want as fool-money, upon no other authority than this, that industrial society has not, and cannot have, a single want properly so termed that can be supplied from without, as its whole existence has but the simple meaning—to supply its own wants; while the State, as it neither digs nor spins, as it produces nothing—although without the State, as we have seen, nothing can be produced—has nothing to supply.

(Where do I get my authority that the poet calls this fool-gospel and fool-money? Well, it is the court-fool that is the author of both, according to the poet; that is not my fault.)

It was these matters, dear H., I wanted to bring to your attention when you interrupted me. Of course they are of no great moment, still, if we want to see how the collision between Faust and industrial society will result, under the presupposition that Faust is correct in his conclusion that man cannot know truth, we must pay some attention to these things. We must watch what becomes of society when the State adopts that conclusion, and in lieu of performing its functions to the industrial totality of guaran-

teeing to it its organic principle, justice, supplies it in lieu thereof with paper money. Paper money to supply the place of justice! Well, what is the event? How did society thrive under this new gospel? Let us go and see (Act IV, scene 1.):

Meph. "On my journeyings it did not escape my attention that our worthy Emperor is in an awkward situation. You remember him? At a time when you and I amused him and filled both his hands with false wealth, why the whole world was at his feet. You know he came to the throne when quite young, and was pleased to commit the egregious blunder to believe that a person can govern an empire and enjoy life at one and the same time."

F. "Egregious error."

M. "Well, he enjoyed life—and how? In the mean time the State fell into anarchy, where great and small, right and left, were at feud; brother slew or banished brother; castle was arrayed against castle; city against city; trade against nobility; the bishop against chapter and congregation. Wherever two met, they were enemies. In the churches, death and murder; beyond the city's gates, merchant and traveller as good as lost; for to live meant—defend thyself. Well, that went at a high rate."

F. "Went? It hobbled, fell down, jumped up again, threw a somersault, then tumbled along in an inextricable, hideous coil."

M. "And no one dared to say one word against such a state of affairs, for every one wanted to be, and could be, boss. The most insignificant idiot was accounted a full stature of a man."

"The want is money; get it." That's the remedy.

And pray, what is the reason that every one should not be boss? Don't he have a will? Is not his will as good as that of any mortal man born of woman? Are we not all free and equal? With no truth attainable to man, to convince, to convict the individual of the idiocy of his caprice—but what is the use of endless repetition?

This, then, is the event for society in its conflict with the conviction of Faust—but not just yet. This is the ultimate event, but its immediate form, the cloak that hides that ultimate, bears quite a different aspect. Let us see that too (Act I, scene 4. *Second Part of Faust*):

Steward (speaking). "Most serene, I never in my wildest dreams expected that it would be my happy lot to make report of fortune

such as elates me now ! The last account is settled and receipted. The usurer's claws are pared. I feel as one relieved from the pains of hell. Heaven has no brighter days than this."

General. "Arrears are paid, the whole army is re-enlisted, the soldiers feel fresh blood in their veins, and landlords and wenches have a thriving time."

Emperor. "What now, my man? Your breast heaves, your brow is smooth of wrinkles; you approach as if borne on the wings of joy."

Treasurer. "Inquire of them; they did it all."

Faust. "The Chancellor it behooves to explain the transaction."

Chancellor. "Ah, happy me, in my old age; look and listen. See here, the faithful leaf that has transformed all our woe into weal,"

He says, exhibiting the "note" that we have seen. For it appears that the whole transaction was palmed off upon the sovereign during a carouse—the carnival—to be noticed hereafter. For, in the judgment of the poet, the character of the deed was not to be believed as emanating from the cool, sober judgment of any mortal that was ever called to govern. But the thing having been done, and the effect being apparently so happy—

Treasurer. "Your Majesty can form no conception what good it has done your people—how happy it has made society. Look at your city, but yesterday decaying, slumberous as a graveyard; see the life in its streets, how everything rushes, everybody enjoying themselves. Your name, although long since a talisman of good fortune, was never received with such happy greeting before."

Steward. "Besides, you could not recall them if you wanted to; they spread abroad with the rapidity of lightning. The money-changers keep open house, and every note is honored with gold or silver—of course at a discount. Then the crowd rushes to the bakers, the butchers, the saloons. One half the world seems to think of nothing but carousing, while the other half struts the streets in brand new toggery; the haberdasher measures and cuts cloth; the tailors sew. 'Long live the Emperor!' comes echoing from the cellars with the fumes of cooking, roasting, and the clatter of kitchen gear."

This is the result *now* as presented to his Majesty, who therefore

remarks, quite innocently: "As much as I am surprised at it, I have to let the matter take its course." What else can a fool-led sovereign do?

(*To be continued.*)

SYMPNEUMATA ;¹

A Report of the Contents of a Work by Lawrence Oliphant.

BY SARA CARR UPTON.

In a few words of preface the author introduces his book as suggesting a basis of relative truth for the understanding of human life.

He disclaims apology for the necessary assumptions in his statements to follow, but regrets the difficulty which he finds in explaining to others that such assumptions are due to the imperative force with which the conceptions stood forth to his mind; and he goes on to say that the immense conviction which here finds voice does so crudely, because the faculties through which it approaches the reader are incomplete.

The reader may humbly grant that his faculties for receiving are incomplete, but this does not make it quite clear why the writer's faculties could not have rendered many troublesome sentences less involved.

The plea for indulgence for the statements with authority has a certain reason, and courtesy will grant it, with the mental reservation that later on the intellect will claim its right to perceive clearly their logic.

We must also ask the reader to remember that the present abstract of Mr. Oliphant's book suffers from the same complication of sentences. This is necessarily so, since we have chosen to use his own words to express his own ideas wherever possible. In this way something is lost, indeed, but much is gained.

¹ *Sympneumata, or Evolutionary Forces now active in Man.* Edited by Lawrence Oliphant. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London, 1885.